

# THE INNER-

Temple Masque.

## OR MASQVE OF HEROES.

Presented (as an Entertainment for  
*many worthy LADIES:*)

By GENTLEMEN of the same  
*Ancient and Noble*  
HOUSE.

*Tho. Middleton.*



LONDON

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# THE LITER

Simple & elegant

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*[Handwritten signature]*



## THE MASQVE.

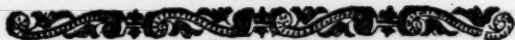
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**T**His, nothing owes to any Tale, or Storie,  
With which some Writer pieces up a Glorie;  
I onely made the Time, they sat to see,  
Serue for the Mirth it selfe; which was found free,  
And herein fortunate, (that's counted good)  
Being made for Ladies, Ladies understood.

T. M.

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**The Parts.**

*D. Almanacke.*  
*Plumporridge.*  
*A Fasting-day.*  
*New-yeere.*  
*Time.*  
*Harmonie.*

**The Speakers.**

IOS. TAYLOR.  
 W. ROVVLEY.  
 I. NEVVTON.  
 H. ATVVELL.  
 W. CARPENTER.  
 A BOY.

**TWO ANTEMASQVES.**

**In the first, fixe Dancers.**

1. *Candlemas Day.*
2. *Shrouetuesday.*
3. *Lent.*
4. *Ill-May-day.*
5. *Midsummer Eve.*
6. *The first Dog-day.*

**The second ANTEMASQVE, presented by  
 eight BOYES.**

*Good dayes* ——— 3.  
*Bad dayes* ——— 3.  
*Indifferent dayes* — 2.

**The MASQVE it selfe, receiuing it's Illustration  
 from nine of the Gentlemen of the House.**



# THE INNER-TEMPLE MASQVE.

*Enter DOCTOR ALMANACKE coming from  
the funerall of December, or the old yeere.*

I Haue seene the old yeere fairely buried,  
Good Gentleman he was, but toward his end  
Full of Diseases, he kept no good Diet,  
He Lou'd a wench in *June*, (which we count *Vilde*,  
And got the latter end of *May* with childe;  
That was his fault; and many an old yeere smels on't.  
How now? who's t'is? oh, one ath' *Fasting*-dayes  
That followed him to his graue;  
I know him by his gauntnes, his thin chitterlings,  
He would vndoe a *Tripe*-wife; *Fasting*-day!  
Why art so heauie?

*Fast.* Oh, sweete Doctor *Almanacke*,  
I haue lost a deare old Master, beside Sir,  
I haue beene out of seruice, all this *Kersmas*;  
No-body minds *Fasting* day, I haue scarce bin thought  
vpon a *Fry* day nights;  
And because *Kersmas* this yeere fell vpon't,

### *The Inner-Temple Masque.*

The Frydayes haue beene euer since so proud  
They scorne my companie, the Butchers boyes  
At *Temple-Barre*, set their great Dogges vpon me,  
I dare not walke abroad, nor be scene yet,  
The very Poulters Girles throw rotten Egges at me,  
Nay Fishstreete loues me, e'en but frō teeth outward,  
(The neereſt Kin I haue) looks shy vpon me,  
As if t'ad forgot me, I met *Plumporridge* now,  
My big-swolne Enemye, hee's plumpe and lustie,  
The onely man in place, sweete Master *Doctor*,  
Preferre me to the *New-Yeere*, you can doo't.

*Doct.* When can I doo't sir? you must stay til Lent.

*Fast.* Till Lent, you kil my heart, sweet M. *Doctor*,  
Thrust me into *Candlemas Eue*, I doe beseech you.

*Doct.* Away, *Candlemas Eue* will neuer beare  
thee i' these dayes, 'tis so frampole, the Puritanes will  
neuer yeeld to't.

Enter *Plumporridge*.

*Fast.* Whyth'are fat enough.

*Doct.* Here comes *Plumporridge*.

*Fast.* I, hee's sure of wel-come; methinkes hee  
moues like one of the great Porridge Tubs, going to  
the Counter.

*Plum.* Oh killing cruel sight, yonder's a *Fasting day*:  
A leane spinie Rascall with a Dogge in's belly, his  
very Bowels barke with hunger; auaunt, thy Breath  
stinkes, I doe not loue to meete thee fasting, thou art  
nothing but wind, thy Stomack's full of Farts, as if  
they had lost their way, and thou made with the  
wrong end vpward, like a Dutch Mawe, that discharges  
still into'th Mouth!

*Fast.* Why thou whorſon Breakefast, Dinner,  
Nun-

*The Inner-Temple Masque.*

Nuntions, Supper and Beuer, Celler, Hall, Kirchin,  
and Wet-larder.

*Plum.* Sweete Master *Doct.*, looke quickly vpon  
his Water, that I may breake the Vrinall about his  
pate.

*Doct.* Nay friendship, friendship.

*Plum.* Neuer Master *Doct.*, with any *Fasting* day,  
perswade me not.

Nor any thing belongs to *Ember-weeke*.

And if I take against a thing, I'me stomackfull,

I was borne an *Anabaptist*, a fell foe,

To fish and Fridayes, Pig's my absolute Sweetheart.

And shall I wrong my Loue, and cleaueto Saltfish!

Commit adulterie with an Egge and Butter? (sir?

*Doct.* Well setting this apart, whose water's this

*Plum.* Oh, thereby hangs a tale, my M. *Kersmasses*.

It is his water, sir, hee's drawing on.

*Doct.* *Kersmas*? why let me see,

I saw him very lustie a *Twelfe-night*.

*Plum.* I, that's true, sir, but then he tooke his bane,

With chusing King and Queene;

Ha's made his Will already, here's the Copie.

*Doct.* And what ha's he giuen away, let mee see,

*Plumbroth*.

*Plum.* He could not giue away much, sir, his chil-  
dren haue so consumed him before hand.

*The Inner-Temple Masque.*

The last WILL and TESTAMENT of  
KERSMAS, Irreuoicable.

*Read;*

**I***N primis* I giue and bequeath to my second Sonne  
*In*, and *In*; his perpetuall Lodging i'the King's  
bench, and his Ordinarie out of the Basket.

*Plum.* A sweete allowance for a second brother.

*Item*, I giue to my yongest Sonnes *Gleeke* and *Primuiste*, the full consuming of Nights and Dayes, and  
Wiues and Children, together with one secret gift,  
that is, neuer to giue ouer, while they haue a pennie.

*Plum.* And if e're they doe, Ile be hangd.

For the possession of all my Lands, Mannors,  
Mannor-houses, I leaue them full and wholly to  
my eldest Sonne, *Noddie*, whom during his mino-  
ritie, I commit to the custodie of a paire of Knaues  
and one and thirtie?

*Plum.* There's Knaues enow a conscience to coo-  
zen one Foole.

*Item*, I giue to my eldest Daughter, *Tickle mee*  
*quickly*, and to her sister my *Ladies Hole*, free leaue to  
shift for themselues, either in Court, City, or Country.

*Plum.* We thanke him heartily.

*Item*, I leaue to their old Aunt, *my Sow b'as Pigd*,  
a Litter of Curtizans to breede vp for Shroue-tide.

*Plum.* They wil be good ware in Lent, when flesh  
is forbid by Proclamation.

*Item*, I giue to my Nephew *Gambols*, commonly  
cald



## *The Inner-Temple Masque.*

cald by the name of *Kersmas Gambols*, all my *Cattle*,  
*Horse* and *Mare*, but let him shooe 'em himselfe.

*Plum.* I ha' seene him shooe the *Mare* fortie times  
ouer.

*Also*, I bequeath to my Coozen-Germane *Wassel-  
Boule*, borne of Dutch Parents, the Priuiledge of a  
free *Denizen*, that is, to be drunke with *Scotch-Ale*, or  
*English-Beere*: and lastly, I haue giuen by word of  
mouth, to poore Blind man *Buffe*, a flap with a Foxe-  
tayle.

*Plam.* I, so h'as giuen 'em all for ought I see.  
But now what thinke you of his Water, sir?

*Doct.* Well he may linger out till *Candlemas*:  
But ne're recouer it.

*Fast.* Would he were gone once,  
I should be more respected. *Enter New-yeere.*

*Doct.* Here's *New-yeere*?

*Plum.* I haue ne're a gift to giue him, Ile be gone.

*Doct.* Mirth & a healthful time fil all your dayes.  
Looke freshly, Sir.

*New-Y.* I cannot, Master *Doctor*.  
My fathers death sets the Spring backward i' me.  
For ioy and comfort yet, I'me now betweene  
Sorrow and ioy, the Winter and the Spring.  
And as Time gathers freshnesse in it's season,  
No doubt *Affects* will be subdued with reason.

*Doct.* Y'au'e a braue mind to work on, vse my rules,  
And you shall cut a *Caper* in *November*,  
When other yeeres your Grandfathers lay bedrid.

*New-Y.* What's he, that looks so piteously, and  
shakes so?

### *The Inner-Temple Masque.*

*Fast.* A *Fasting-day*?

*New-Y.* How's that?

*Doct.* A foolish *Fasting-day*,

An vnseasonable cock scomb, seeks now for a seruice,  
Ha's hunted vp and downe, ha's beene at Court,  
And the Long-Porter broke his head a'crosse there,  
He had rather see the Deuill, for this he sayes,  
He ne're grew vp so tall with *Fasting-dayes*,  
I would not for the price of all my *Almanacks*;  
The Guard had tooke him there, they would ha' beate  
out his braines with *Bombards*.

I bade him stay till *Lent*, and now he whimpers;  
He would to *Rome* forsooth, that's his last refuge,  
But would trie awhile,  
How well he should be vs'd in *Lancashire*.

*New-Y.* He was my Fathers seruant,  
That he was, sir.

*Doct.* Tis here vpon Record.

*Fast.* I seru'd him honestly, and cost him little.

*Doct.* I, Ile besworne for that.

*Fast.* Those were the Times, sir,  
That made your Predecessors rich, and able  
To lay vp more for you, and since poore *Fasting-daies*  
Were not made reckoning on, the pamperd flesh  
H'as plaide the knaue, Maides haue had fuller bellies,  
Those meales that once were sau'd, haue stird, & lept,  
And begot Bastards, and they must be kept,  
Better keepe *Fasting-dayes*, your selfe may tell you,  
And for the profit of purse, backe and belly?

*Doct.* I neuer yet heard Truth better whin'de out.

*New-Y.* Thou shalt not al be lost, nor for vainglorie  
Greedi-

### *The Inner-Temple Masque.*

Greedily welcom'd, wee'le begin with Vertue,  
As we may hold with't, that do's Vertue right.  
Set him downe, Sir, for *Candlemas Eue* at night.

*Fast.* Well, better late then neuer.

This is my comfort, I shall come to make  
All the Fat Rogues goe to bed supperlesse,  
Get dinners where they can.

*New-Y.* How now? what's he?

*Doct.* Tis old *Time*, Sir, that belongd  
To all your Predecessors.

*New-Y.* Oh I honour

That Reuerend Figure, may I euer thinke  
How precious thou'rt in youth, how rarely  
Redeem'd in Age.

*Time* Obserue, you haue *Times* seruice.  
There's all in briebe. *Enter the first Antemasque.*

*New-Y.* Hah? *Doct.* What are these?

*Time* The Rabble that I pitie, these I haue seru'd  
But few or none haue euer obseru'd me, (too,  
Amongst this dissolute Route, *Candlemas day*!  
I'me sorie to see him so ill associated?

*Doct.* Why that's his cause of cōming to cōplaine,  
Because *Shrouetuesday* this yeere dwels so neere him.  
But ti's his place he cannot be remou'd.  
You must be patient, *Candlemas*, and brooke it.  
This Rabble, Sir, *Shrouetuesday*, hungrie *Lent*,  
Ill *May-day*, *Midsummer Eue*, and the first *Dogge-day*,  
Come to receiue their places due by custome,  
And that they build vpon.

*New-Y.* Giue 'em their charge, and then admit 'em.

*Doct.* I will doo't in Cone.

### *The Inner-Temple Masque.*

Stand forth *Shrouetuesday*, one'a the silenc't Bricke-  
Layers,

Tis in your charge to pull downe Bawdyhouses,  
To set your Tribe a worke, cause spoyle in *Shorditch*,  
And make a Dangerous Leake there, deface Turnbul,  
And tickle Codpiece Rowe, ruine the Cockpit, the  
Poore Players ne're thriud in't, a my Cōscience some  
Queane pist vpon the first Bricke;

For you, leane Lent, be sure you vtter first  
Your rotten Herrings and keepe vp your best  
Till they be rotten, then ther's no deceit  
When they be all alike. You *Ill-Mayday*,  
Be as vnruely a Rascall as you may,  
To stirre vp Deputy Double Diligence,  
That comes perking forth with Halberts:  
And for you *Midsomer Eve*, that watches warmest,  
Be but sufficiently drunke, and y'are well harvest,  
You *Dogday*!

*Dogd.* Woh.

*Dof.* A churlish maundring Rogue,  
You must both beg and rob, curse and collogue,  
In cooler Nights the Barne with Doxies fill,  
In Haruest lye in Haycock with your Iill.  
They haue all their charge.

*New-Y.* You haue gin't at the wrong end,

*Dof.* To bid'em sin's the way to makee'm mend,  
For what they are forbid, they run to head-long.  
I ha' cast their Inclinations, now your seruice,  
To draw fresh blood into your M<sup>rs</sup>. cheekes, slaues!

*The*

*The Inner-Temple Masque.*

*The first Dance, and first Ante-Masque,  
consisting of these six Rude ones.*

Exeunt.

*New-Y.* What scornfull lookes the Abusiue Villaines threw,

Vpon the reuerend forme and face of Time!  
Me thought it appear'd sorry, and went angry.

*Doff.* 'Tis still your seruant.

*New-Y.* How now? what are these?

*Doff.* These are your Good Dayes, and your Bad Dayes, Sir,

Those your Indifferent dayes, nor good, nor bad.

*New-Y.* But is here all?

*Doff.* A wonder there's so many.

How these broke loose, every one stops their passage,  
And makes inquiry after 'em.

This Farmer will not cast his seed ith' ground  
Before he looke in *Bretnor*, there he finds

Some word which hee hugs happily, as, Ply the Box,  
Make Hay betimes, It falls into thy Mouth.

A punctuall Lady will not paint forsooth  
Vpon his Criticall dayes, twill not hold well,  
Nor a nice Citie-Wedlocke eate fresh Herring,  
Nor Perriwinkles;

Although she long for both, if the word be that day,  
Gape after Gudgeons, or some fishing phrase.

A Scriueners Wife wil not intreat the Mony-master  
That lyes ith' house, and gets her Husbonds children  
To furnish a poore Gentlemans Extremes,  
If she find, *Nihil* in a Bagge, that morning,

And

### *The Inner-Temple Masque.*

And so of thousand follies, these suffice  
To shew you Good, Bad, and Indifferent Dayes,  
And all haue their Inscriptions, here's, Cock a Hoop,  
This the Geere cottens, and this, Faint Heart, neuer-  
These, noted Blacke for Badnesse, Rods in pisse.  
This, Post for Puddings, this Put vp thy Pipes,  
These blacke and white indifferently inclining  
To both their natures, neither Full nor Fasting,  
In Dock, out Nettle, — Now to your motion,  
Blacke Knaues, and white Knaues, and you parcell  
Two hypocriticall party-colour'd Varlets, (Rascals,  
That play o' both hands.

*Here the second Dance, and last Ante-  
Masque: Eight Boyes, habited accor-  
ding to their former Cha-  
racters.*

The three *Good Dayes*, attyred all in white Gar-  
ments, sitting close to their bodies, their Inscriptions  
on their Brests.

On the first.

*Cocke a Hoop.*

On the second.

*The Geere Cottens.*

On

***The Inner-Temple Masque.***

**On the third.**

***Faint Heart Neuer.***

**The three *Bad Dayes* all in blacke Garments, their  
Faces blacke, and their Inscriptions.**

**On the first.**

***Rads in Pisse.***

**On the second.**

***Post for Puddings.***

**On the third.**

***Put up thy Pipes.***

***The Indifferent Dayes.***

**In Garments halfe white, halfe blacke, their Faces  
seamd with that party Colour, and their Inscriptions.**

**The first.**

***Neither full nor Fasting.***

**The second.**

***In Docke, out Nettle.***

**C**

**These**

### *The Inner-Temple Masque.*

These hauing purchasde a Smile from the Cheekes  
of many a Beautie, by their Ridiculous Figures, van-  
nish, proud of that Treasure

*Dez.* I see these pleasures of low Births and Na-  
tures,  
Adde little freshnesse to your cheekes, I pittie you,  
And can no longer now conceale from you,  
Your happy *Omen*, Sir, Blessings draw neere you,  
I will disclose a Secret in *Astrologie*,  
By the sweet Industry of *Harmonie*,  
Your white and glorious friends  
Eu'n very Deities haue conspir'd, to grace  
Your faire Inauguration, here I find it,  
Tis cleere in Art,  
The minute, nay, the points of Time's ariu'd,  
Me thinks the blessings touch you, now they're felt,  
Sir.

*At which loud Musicks heard the first Cloud  
vanishing, Harmony is discovered  
with her sacred Quire.*

#### *The first Song.*

*Har.* **N**ew-yeere, New-yeere! harken to me,  
I am sent downe  
To crowne  
Thy wishes, with me,  
Thy faire desires in Vertues Court are fil'de,  
The goodnesse of thy thought,  
This blessed worke hath wrought,

*Time*



## *The Inner-Temple Masque.*

*Time shall be reconcilde:*

*Thy Spring shall in all sweets abound,  
Thy Sommer shall be cleere and sound,  
Thy Autumne swell the Barne and Loft,  
With Corne and froiss, ripe, sweet and soft,  
And in thy Winter, when all goes,  
Thou shalt depart as white as Snow.*

Then a second Cloud vanishing, the Masquers themselves discovered, sitting in Arches of Clouds, being nine in Number, *Heroes* Deified for their *Vertues*.

### *The Song goes on.*

*Behold, behold, harken to me,  
Glories come downe,  
To crowne  
Thy wishes, with me,  
Bright Heroes in lasting Honour shēr'd  
Vertues eternall Spring,  
(By making Time their King.)*

*See, they're beyond Time reard.  
Yet in their loves to humane good,  
In which estate themselves once stood,  
They all descend to haue their worsh  
Shine, to Imitation, forth:  
And by their Motion, Light and Love,  
To show how after Times should moue!*

Then the Masquers descending, set to their first Dance.

## *The Inner-Temple Masque.*

### *The second Song.*

Har. **M**One on, Mone on, be still the same,  
You Beauteous Sonnes of Brightnesse,  
You adde to Honour Spirit and Flame,  
To Vertue, Grace, and Whitenesse;  
You, whose every little motion  
May learne Stricknesse more Denotion,  
Every Pace, of that high worth,  
It treads, a faire Example forth;  
Quickens a Vertue, wakes a Storied,  
To your owne Heraick Gloria,  
May your three times thrice Bless'd Number  
Rayse Merit from his Ancient Sumer;  
Mone on, Mone on, &c.

Then they order themselves for their second Dance, after which,

### *The third Song.*

**S**ee, whether Fate hath lead you, (Lamps of Honour)  
(For Goodnesse brings her owne reward upon her).  
Looke, turne your Eyes, & then conclude, commanding;  
And say, you have lost no Worth by your Descending,  
Behold a Heauen about you, Spheres more plentie,  
There, for one Luna, here shines Ten,  
And for one Venus, Twentie;  
Then Heroes, double both your Fame and Light,  
Each chuse his Starre, and full adorne this Night.

At

## *The Inner-Temple Masque.*

At which, the Masquers make choice  
of their Ladyes, and  
Dance.

*Time, thus closing all.*

Time. *The Morning gray,  
Bids, come away,  
Every Lady should begin  
To take her Chamber, for the Stars are in:*

Then making his honour to the Ladies.

*Live Long the Miracles of Times and Teeres,  
Till with those Heroes, You sit fixt in Spheres.*

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FINIS.

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